

Lumbering Daddy Jack

~Coleen Shin

"I'm too busy to cut you down today"

But let this be a lesson on duplicity, a warning
to all the other trees shrugging in the mist
cloaking their banter, their whisper clicks.

I lumber, it's what I do, in every sense heavy
immune to the originality of forested trees.
The birds know the score, can you hear them?

You, in particular are an ugly specimen, irregular.
A crooked finger thrusting subliminally-
though I don't take that shit personally anymore.

I have this daughter. She insists sap is soul
wet and sweet beneath the bark and God is Spring.
I don't see her much, she's up on the coast-

probably hunching a Redwood or kissing a beaver.

But I miss her sometimes, she's different
always had her own designs, and strange womanly
intuitions that God is genderless, not a regular guy.

She ain't much to look at as girls go, narrow
and kind of tall, sharp featured, small mouth.
But she has voice, the kid can sing, she doesn't
though.

Least not where anyone can hear her, but once
when she was eleven sitting in the crotch of a
Mimosa.
Goddamned pink fuzzy tree, crapping on the lawn.

I cut it down while she was at camp that year.
Guess that's when things started going hard between
her and me. Holy Mother Fuck, I'm talking to a tree.

Like I said you sappy bastard. I'll be back. Same time
next year, don't make any plans. I'm bringing an axe.

MiPo~Print

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Analog Trees by John Eivaz

Welcome to this weekend's edition of MiPo~Print -
its forests, beaches and bridges, clashes and clearings.

Here you'll find:

Things less than what one believes they should be,
A self always trying, always less than what it could become -
or a stream of selves, in love, questioning each other
before the apparent singleness of the Beloved;
or language rejoicing in its own beauty:
where it's been, what it has made
and what has become of this;
or details of a child's world on a hot day of war...

Settle in, print out, and enjoy.

~ John Eivaz



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Planes of Existence

~Ella McCrystle

The vapor flew me to the Bridge
from your bed early this morning.

I can't help that you think me a witch
~ or a fairy
I am a headwind, a tailspin
your angel, your whore
~ not yours at all.

I am a serpent.
 I eat my own tail.
The mirror with many reflections
same eyelids, same hair, same glance
all,
 or none,
 are: I. She. Me.

I swirl on nicotine carbon,
smolder on smoke from a mouth,
speak words from a body
somehow related to a name
only tangentially wired to me.

While you stand on the Bridge
desperate to decide which is me,
I've traveled to the Chelsea
to visit Leonard Cohen, eat
succulent oranges and sip tea.

I'm flattened against
a schooner sail floating
under you. You cast eyes
upward, stamp feet on Bridge,
and miss me again.

There are so many of me
 ~ a Sith, a satyr, a nymph
 ~ a shell, an ocean or rock
 ~an aria ~that hiss on the air
for just one you.

Poema in dos languages

~Silvia A. Brandon-Perez

my abuelos and tatarabuelos
fought damned hard so you could take
your hands off the cañaverales, the blue skies
and the tabaco, señoritas smoothly sauntering

down el malecón, and before you were a spice
in mommy's womb we had the opera and la universidad
we had English and francés, latín and griego
and we had the drums of Africa and the Spanish

castañuelas and the ron, café y tabaco
folks all came for the tabaco and stayed
for the guaguancó, for the son and the guaracha,
the cha-cha-chá and danzonete; Guillén and Lezama

Lima wrote palabras such as el buen dios commanded
and new worlds came from their naming, and Lecuona
with his piano played the sensuous habaneras
that would bring Bizet to Carmen, with the palmas

and the swaying of the tropical caderas,
all the best of europeos and the ripest africanos
playing un rico danzón, en Cuba, la isla hermosa,
verde like an aguacate, ripened like a tamarindo

with the smell of coco fresco, with the taste of café
negro, with the sweat of mil esclavos like the ones
you pushed and murdered for your carros and your mierda
your hard bellies and your biceps, now you tell me

how to dance mis bailes, and you tell me how to sing
mis cantos, and you tell me about la poesía or el amor
or la vida; as if life began in English...

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A Possible Cure For All The War News

~T. Birch

Would butterflies help? Terns at the beach?
Ice floes or, better yet, melting ice cream
from a child's cone in summertime,
the dandelions catching all the drips?
Such a beautiful scene, the little boy or girl
with desperate tears of loss for a taste
of heaven forever taken away. And don't forget
the butterfly. Sticky white around its feet,
and drops on its wings disintegrating
what can only be called fairy dust
and magically soon to die, as the terns
now transmogrify into gulls or sparrows
in the asphalt parking lot, surrounded by cars
and leftover heat from this long day,
chasing the scraps on its tarry black,
feasting on what's discarded. No wind.
And sweat. Everywhere you look.



Aspirations

~Rae Pater

Trees aspire
reach into silver
pierce a vapourous canopy
release a glistening mass
upon themselves.

The canopy is the external saltine
wall of a teardrop
the glistening mass
the hopes and fears
God had dreamt
for his project.

Now he leans on his jeep
in casual denim
a self-conscious shuffle
to the left of failure.

He wasn't far wrong.
Just underestimated the burden
of empirical evidence
required by envious celestial colleagues.

In terms of eternity
he's still young.
Leaving for the coast with sheaves of data
he'll try again farther west.

Sharp black fingers
pierce his ingenuous farewell
a salute to innocence.

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Bella
the cat that lives up
the street
spent a good long while today eating
at something in the grass
alongside the blacktop

leaping

fourfooted in the air now and then
as if playing with the thing
the way she's
already learned in her young life to play
with baby birds she's dragged
from

the nest breaking a wing
or just tossing it here and there
until it goes into
shock and lies breathing hard and fast
the last breaths it must endure

but this was no bird
a copperhead maybe a baby
copperhead

I thought because she was more wary
of it than with her usual

quarry so

I got out the shovel from behind the dog fence
and walked up the street
and sure enough there was a long dark form
in the grass
not moving but snakes don't have to move until
they
mean business

probably not a copperhead anyway
huh
maybe a king snake
who climbed the tree and got the baby bird
first so I

banged

the shovel bam bam on the pavement and Bella

fools like me

~James Lineberger

did a flip and ran off a ways
to crouch and watch while i attacked the thing
by stabbing it with the sharp end
of the blade

and cut it clean in half
before I realized it was already dead
a wet oak limb
that blew down in the storm last week
with the bark clawed half off it

but just a minute here
if you think you're disappointed
coming all
this long way for a poem
that really looked like it might go somewhere
only to have it end up like this

ohhh welll

you've got your problems I've
got mine
what if you had tried
to write the damn thing yourself think you could
have done any better
hah

I say hah
if we don't let the poem have its way
with us how
are we to ever know

if it will end up
dead or alive
or go crazy trying to be
as lovely as a busted limb
off a tree

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